Numb. 55.

The Female Tatler.

Written by a Society of Ladies.

Pictus imaginibus formisq; fugacibus adstat
Morpheus, & varijs fingit nova vultibus Ora.

From Monday November 14, to Wednesday November 16, 1709.

Emilia's Day.

From my Bed-Chamber.

Am glad to see you Ladies, after the oddest kind of Dream I had last Night, which, if you'll Pardon the Impertinence, I'll relate. Methought, after a broken confus'd Sleep, my Soul made a Sally abroad into the World, and fetch'd a vast Circumference: She seem'd to soar upon the Clouds, and slice the Air, to cross Seas, clammer up huge Hills, and never rested till she arriv'd at our *Antipodes*. Now some Judicious Geometricians hold, that their Earth Corresponds and Answers to all those Regions and Isles that are upon this Superficies which we tread; those Countries agree with ours in Qualities, in Temperature of Air and Clime, as well as in Nature of Soil. The Inhabitants of those Places, which are so directly opposite, Sympathize one with another in Disposition, Complexion and Humour: But to give an account of the strange Progress my little *Fugitive* made; the first Country was of so Amphibuous a Nature, so low, flat and marshy, and so indented up and down with Dikes and Rivers, that I made a Question whether I shou'd call it Land or Water; as I wonder'd up and down this aquaous Region, at last I discover'd a beautiful kind of Forest, which gave me hopes of *Terra firma*, till I saw the Trees move up and down, but look'd at that distance as if they had been blasted by Thunder, for they had no Leaves on; but approaching nearer, I found an infinite number of Ship Masts, riding before a large Town, which seem'd to float upon the Water. As I mus'd with my self at this strange Prodigy, I met with one I conjectur'd to be a Man, his Salutation was very rough and homely, and the Air was so foggy, that as he breath'd it in, it stuck like Cobwebs on his Whiskers. His Motion was dull as his Body was heavy, so that he look'd as if his Veins as well as his Belly had been stuff'd with nought but Butter-milk; but entring into serious Converse with him, I was mistaken in my Man, for he presently told me they were the only Men who did Miracles of late Years; for first, says he, we have fought our selves out of Slavery into a free State, and tho' we pay twenty times more Taxes than e're we did, we are contented. We have turn'd War into a Trade, for that which will Beggar others, has enrich'd us. Here he apruptly broke off, and stept into a Boat, being hal'd by a Ship sailing by.

Hereupon I took Wing again, and made a flight over Beauteous Plains, Hills and Valleys, till I had like to have been stopt by a vast Assembly of hideous Mountains, but methought I never saw so many poor People in my Life: Meeting a Peasant, I ask'd him what the Reason was that there shou'd be so much Poverty in a Country where there was so much plenty: Fair *Sir*, answer'd he, they keep us Poor in pure Policy here; for if we were suffer'd to grow Rich, we are too Proud to be govern'd as we are: But there was of late a Devilish Cardinal, who hath made us a King out of a Foreign Country, which has not only made us poorer than we were, but we are now stark Beggars, and are like to continue so, having no other Prospect but that of War and Desolation.

I cannot remember how I parted with that Peasant, but in an Instant I was landed upon an Island, whose Cliffs appear'd as white as Snow, and methought 'twas the most agreeable temperate Region I had been in all the while. The heat of the Sun there is as harmless as 'tis light, the Evening Breezes as wholesome as the Morning Dew. As I rang'd forward from a pleasing Ascent, I saw a huge confus'd Pile of Buildings, whose length far exceeded their Breadth, but neither seem'd to bear a Political proportion to the Island. These made a prodigious City, which methought look'd like a Jesuits Hat, whose Brims are far bigger than the Crown. As I was pondering upon this, a Reverend Sage, bending beneath the weight of Age, adorn'd in Black and White, as Ensigns of his Office, presented himself before me; his Grey Hairs and Venerable Aspect, struck in me an aweful Reverence for his Person: So first performing the Duties I thought becoming me, I ask'd him many Questions of the Place, which he in a Submissive Tone and Melancholy Appearance, answer'd me and said; Fair Youth, this Island was reputed once the happiest in the World, insomuch, that her Prosperity was the Envy of her Neighbour Nations, who are plung'd in War round about her; and tho she has Peace from Abroad, she is so surfeited with her own Happiness, that she is always forming Divisions at Home; and I must tell you truly, there are crep'd in more Opinions among us about Matters of Religion, than ever the *Pagans* had; so that the Understandings of Poor Men were never so puzzl'd and distracted. We have two opposite Parties, who sway here in a kind of Quality, that People know not whom to obey; many Thousands comply with both, like the Men of *Calecut*, who Worship God and the Devil, the one for Love, and the other for fear. Here is a Monstrous kind of wild Liberty that ever was upon Earth, and that which was made use of as a stalking Horse to draw us out of our Misery and Slavery, is now the chief Occasion of both; for 'tis now permitted, that any one may Prate, Preach or Print what he will, so he has but Wit enough to let the two contending Parties alone. We have a new Race continued, the good old Man, of a strange People sprung up among us, who wou'd perswade the rest of the World to put out their Eyes, that others might see the better by the light shining

from

from theirs; they are ſure they have an infallible Spirit, and that their Dial muſt needs go true, howſoe'er the Sun goes: Sure if theſe Men were diſſected when they are dead, there wou'd be a great deal of Quick Silver found in their Brains, but I am ſorry for the Giddineſs they have at preſent in their Heads. With this the grave Venerable Sage giving me his Benediction, fetch'd ſuch a ſigh as wou'd have ſplit a Rock aſunder, and ſuddenly vaniſh'd, methought out of ſight towards Heaven. I preſently after wak'd, about the dawning of the Day, when one cou'd hardly diſcern a Pig from a Dog, and having rub'd my Eyes and ſtretch'd my Limbs, I began to call my ſelf to account for what my Fancy had repreſented to me as real, through the Courſe of one Night: and when by way of remembrance I began to reflect upon 'em, bleſs me! what a Maſs of Ideas ran into my Head; and when I call'd to mind the laſt Country my Soul wonder'd thro', methought my Heart leap'd to think how pat every Circumſtance might be apply'd.

I have been conſidering with my ſelf, what kind of Dream this is, upon which I have run thro' the ſeveral Diviſions that are made of Dreams; as firſt there are Viſions, but then I think my Brain is too muddy to entertain ſuch bright Ideas; the next ſort of Dreams as are ſaid to be form'd by Impulſes from the Devil; but I thank my kinder Stars, I never held any Correſpondence open or Secret with his High and Mightineſs. As for Natural Dreams I know not but it may be one of them, becauſe Phyſitians ſay, according to our Conſtitutions and Complexions, our Fancies and Imaginations are form'd, upon which our Dreams depend; ſo ſome are regular, and others croſs and deform'd, according to the working of our Fancies before-hand; as the Repreſentation of Things ſtrike upon the Organs of the Brain, ſo ſome People are apt to Dream of ſerious Truths, others of idle fooliſh Fancies, which have no Foundation in Nature or Reaſon.

An Eminent Father of the Church makes mention of a Rich Merchant in *Milan*, who being dead, one of his Creditors comes to his Son to demand a certain Sum of Money which he had lent the deceaſed; the Son was confident it was paid, but not finding the Creditor's Receipt, he was Sued, and like to be caſt, had not his Fathers Ghoſt appear'd to him and directed him to the Place where the Receipt was, which he found the next Day accordingly. *William Rufus*, the ſecond King after the Conqueſt, dream'd, that he felt a cold guſt of Wind paſſing thro' his Bowels, and the next Day he was ſhot in the Guts by the glance of an Arrow in *New Foreſt*, a Place where he and his Father had committed ſo many Sacrileges.

I have read of a ſtrange Dream of two young Gentlewomen, who being travelling Abroad in Foreign Countries, and coming to a great Town, the one lay ſome diſtance from the other in the City, the other in an Inn without the Walls in the Suburbs: He in the City dream'd in the dead of Night, that his Friend, which he had left in the Suburbs, ruſh'd into his Chamber panting and blowing, being purſued by others; he dream'd ſo again, and the third time he ſaw his Friend's Ghoſt appearing at his Bed-ſide with Blood trickling down his Throat, and a Ponyard in his Breaſt, telling him, dear Friend, I am come now to take my laſt farewel of thee, and if thou riſe by times thou ſhalt meet me in the way going to be Buried. The next Morning his Friend roſe early and got his Hoſt to go with him to the Inn where he left his Friend, where meeting with a Cart loaded with Dung in the way, they ſtop'd it and ſearch being made, the Dead Body was found ſtrip'd and cover'd in the Ordure.

I will conclude this Diſcourſe with a late Story tranſacted this Campaign in *Flanders*, as I had it related to me by an Officer newly arriv'd from thence. Sir *Thomas Pendergraſs*, and his Character you all know ſo well Ladies, I need not expatiate upon it; but this Gentleman you've ſhewn had the Fortune of War to be kill'd, or I ſhould rather ſay to Die in the Bed of Honour; however it was, upon ſearching of him they found in his Pocket-Book a Dream he had ſet down, wherein he dream'd that ſuch a Day, at ſuch an Hour, he ſhou'd be Shot into the Guts, which was accordingly verified to a Minute of the time; I cou'd entertain you Ladies with ſeveral Stories of Dreams that have been fulfill'd in my ſelf, which perhaps at a proper opportunity may not be diſpleaſing to you.

The Lady that has honour'd our New Society with a Letter, directed to Emilia, *we thought moſt proper to take notice of it on her own Day, and return her Thanks for her kind Information, in relation to our Table of Fame, for the Ladies, with this aſſurance, that we promiſe to oblige her in that Particular of bringing it down to the preſent Times, without being unmindful of ſuch Characters as we are ſenſible all the World will thank us for remembring; and we flatter our ſelves, the fair Sex will not be ſo careleſs of their own glory, as to neglect this opportunity of Communicating whatever they think worthy tranſmitting to Futurity; ſince we here promiſe the World, nothing ſhall be inſerted into the ſaid Table, but what is deſerving the Wiſeſt and moſt Virtuous Woman's Conſideration; and ſince we have baniſh'd Scandal from our Papers, ſo we ſhall deſpiſe Sordid Flattery in all our Writings. If our Pretenſions to Virtue and Modeſty have daſh'd our Paper out of Countenance, we deſire ſome People not to bluſh when we come to tell 'em of their Faults.*

†‡† Jenny Mowbray, *deſires the Two Welch Gentlemen that were in Town laſt Summer, to return the French Gew Gar they had of her, and ſhe is willing to reſtore the Welch-Fiddle they preſented to her in exchange; finding ſhe had much the worſt of the Bargain.*

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WHereas Tipping's Liquor, which is good againſt the Stone, Gravel, Cholick, Gout and Rheumatiſm. Is ſold by Mr James in 3 King Court in Lombard ſtreet, and the Widow Wakefields, at the corner of Friday-ſtreet, in Watling-ſtreet, and by none elſe in London. And whereas ſeveral Frames have been ſet up about this Town for the ſale of this Liquor. This is to give notice, that they are all Counterfeits that do ſo, none being ever allowed by me, knowing it would give a handle to ill Perſons, to cheat the unweary of their Health and Money, which ſeveral have been. It was never my Deſign to Advertiſe my Liquor in the Publick Prints, being already well known by its Succeſs, but am forced thereto by Notorious Counterfeits, which are very Numerous, and have made People believe that I was Dead,

THe higheſt Compounded Spirit of Lavender; the moſt Glorious (if the expreſſion may be uſed) enlivening Scent and Flavour, that can poſſibly be in Vapours, Sick Fits, &c. either ſmelt to, or drop't on a bit of Loaf Sugar, or eaten or diſſolv'd in Wine, Coffee or Tea, ſo raptures the Spirits, delights the Geſt, and gives ſuch Airs to the Countenance, as are to be imagined, but by thoſe that have tryed it. The meaneſt ſort of the thing, is admired by moſt Gentlemen and Ladies, but this far more, as by far it exceeds it, to the gaining among all, a more than common Eſteem. Is ſold (in neat Flint Bottles fit for the Pocket) only at the Golden Key in Warton's Court, near Holbourn Bars, for 3 s. 6 d. with Directions.

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†‡† Marten's 6th Edition with great Additions of the Secret Diſeaſe, ſo very terrible if neglected or ill managed; diſcovering each particular Symptom, ſo as any one may know whether Infected or not, its Nature, Conſequence, and true way of Cure, without Hazard of Reputation and Life in the Hands of Quacks and Pretenders. Illuſtrated with many remarkable Obſervations, Hiſtories of Cures, Letters, &c. ſetting forth the diſmal Effects of ill Cures cauſing many Indiſpoſitions in both Sexes, which they oftentimes are at a loſs to account for. By John Marten Surgeon, Pr. 4 s. Sold by N. Crouch, in the Poultry, J. Knapton in St Paul's Church-yard, P Varenne in the Strand, and at the Authors Houſe in Hatton Garden.

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